

Stolen Moments: Rollins & Carisi

by Avenue Potter

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Summary: A filler fic series focusing on Amanda Rollins and Dominick "Sonny" Carisi Jr. Thanks to Emploding for the beta from Chapter Six on. :-)

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Pervert\*\***

(This piece takes place near the end of Season 16 Episode 1)

\* \* \*

><p>Carisi and Rollins are sitting at their desks, each working on paperwork detailing their actions from earlier that day. They had taken out the human trafficker Angel Perez along with others from SVU.<p>

"Hey Carisi," Rollins says, looking up from her desk.

"Yeah?"

"You're not looking so good over there. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." He waves it away.

She knows he's full of it. Even though he's the new guy and she's known him for less than a week, he's pretty easy to read.

"Well, if you ever need to talk to someone . . ."

"You know what?" he says slamming down his pen. "Yeah, I'm not fine. I wish this whole undercover pervert thing wasn't part of the job. The look in that girl's eyes . . . even after she made me as a cop .

. . that's not who I am."

He sighs deeply and continues, "This time it was particularly bad â€" having to be rough with her like that. I feel like I'm one of them now." He shivers.

"Hey, look. You may have to act the pervert, but we all know you're not. Even you know that. You did your job and it helped get that girl off the street. You're the good guy here."

"Yeah, but I'm tired of always being chosen to play the pervert."

"Always?"

"Yeah, every precinct: Staten Island, Brooklyn, Queens, here. Anyone needs a pervert it's always 'Hey, Carisi.'"

"Why do you think that is?"

"I don't know," he says resigned, hanging his head.

"I think I do."

"You do?" he asks, not looking her in the eye.

"Yeah," Rollins says, leaning forward on her desk with a wicked smile that he doesn't yet see. "It's that mustache. It makes you look like a porn star."

He reaches up and thoughtfully strokes it. Then he sees the smile on her face and grins back. They both dissolve into chuckles.

\* \* \*

><p>End Note: This chapter is dedicated to my husband's "pornstache" that he was sporting when we first met. I made him shave it off.  
LOL<p>

Note on this work: For all of you Rollisi shippers out there please bear with me (I'm one, too). I'm starting this fic with Season 16 when Carisi first comes on the scene. Carisi and Rollins are just "bros" for quite a while so I will be writing them that way at first. I am not comfortable writing them romantically until it feels right to me â€" which won't be until a point in the show where this aspect of their relationship starts manifesting itself. Please be patient.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Lying\*\***

(This takes place during Season 16 Episode 2)

\* \* \*

><p>"Want me to talk to this girl?" An eager Carisi asks his Sergeant.<p>

"Where are Fin and Rollins?"

"At a working lunch."

"Get them back in here."

Carisi sighs and picks up the phone, contacting Detective Rollins.

"Yeah."

"Hey, it's Carisi. Sergeant Benson wants you and Fin back here."

"What for?"

"There's this girl . . . on TV right now . . . she's accusing Shakir Wilkins of rape."

"Oh, no. Not him."

"Yeah, him. I offered the Sarge to check it out myself, but she wants you guys in here." He grumbles. "As usual."

She understood his frustration. "Carisi, you're the low man on the totem pole â€" it's going to take some time for Benson to think you can do any of this on your own."

"Yeah, I guess. But I really wanted to â€" " he almost whines.

Rollins interrupts him, "Carisi, let me give you some advice â€" don't be so eager. Just let it go and eventually Benson will trust you. Right now, I think you're freaking her out."

"Yeah, she doesn't trust me."

He knows.

"You want some more advice Carisi? Stop being such a goofball. You're beginning to freak me out."

"Yeah, right." He smiles into the receiver. "You like it."

\* \* \*

><p>Eventually, after an excruciatingly long wait Carisi gets sent out into the field. He and Rollins are heading out to Sharkwear's flagship store in Times Square to interview Tiana, a girl who had told Mr. Baur, the head of Orion sportswear that she had also been raped by Shakir.<p>

Rollins says something to the girl that makes him think.

"From personal experience, pretending something didn't happen doesn't make it go away."

The girl starts crying.

\* \* \*

><p>What Rollins had said bothers him as they leave the store.<p>

"Hey, Rollins â€" what you said back there . . . your personal experience â€" "

"Mind your own business, Carisi," she says, irritated and begins to brush past him in order to walk in front. He suspects it's so he can't see her expression.

As she passes him she says dismissively, "It's nothing. Just a way to empathize with the vics â€" get them to open up."

"Okay," he feigns an amiable, casual attitude. But he knows she's lying and wonders what happened to her.

\* \* \*

><p>The goofball brings in a pizza for everyone as they are mulling over the Shakir Wilkins case back at the precinct. It's goat cheese and sun-dried tomato. And he's proud of it.<p>

He grins at Rollins as he tells them, "I'm full of surprises."

She groans inwardly. This guy obviously does not know how to take advice.

Then he proceeds to make an insensitive comment about how things could have played out â€" a man, a woman, alone in a room . . . he doesn't believe the girls are telling the truth about Shakir and has no qualms letting his team know it.

"Carisi, remind me why you're SVU again?" a frustrated Benson asks him. She's been unhappy that this tactless clown has been assigned to her department and everyone knows it.

But then in all seriousness he tells him about his experience working Homicide. It becomes obvious to everyone listening that he couldn't handle it emotionally when he starts talking about the women who had been murdered. He says it was always the husband or the boyfriend and that, "It's like they knew - they knew it was coming."

And then he says quietly, hauntingly, "They don't even look surprised. Just finished."

Amanda begins to get uncomfortable at his display of intense emotions and looks down. She doesn't want to see any man like this.

And then he shrugs it off saying, "It doesn't make me treasure every moment or any of that crap."

She knows he's lying, but now she also knows that despite his brash exterior, he's not just some uncouth lout from Staten Island.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Relationships\*\***

(This fic takes place during the 3rd episode of Season 16)

"I liked you better with the 'stache," Rollins sneers at him and walks off.

Carisi strokes his bare upper lip. When did Rollins turn into such a bitch? Was it something he said? He groaned. It was always something he said.

\* \* \*

><p>This is when she starts getting irritated with him.<p>

And now this?

"Get a statement from Durant. And take Carisi with you," Sergeant Benson commands her.

That's it.

"Yeah, about that â€" when do we get Nick back?"

Benson tells her she doesn't know. As they head out of her office she tells Amanda, "Keep showing Carisi the ropes â€" It's really helping."

Bullshit.

\* \* \*

><p>"Nick, this guy . . . Oh, I don't know."<p>

"What? He can't be that bad," Nick smiles and relaxes back on the couch.

Amanda gives him a stern look.

"You know, Benson was looking for someone to fill in for you â€" someone good with the vics. We've been so short staffed." She shakes her head. "But then this guy blows in here with a bag of zeppole â€" whatever those are â€" and tells us to call him Sonny."

"Friendly guy."

"He's annoying," she says sharply.

Nick just grins and says nothing.

She shrugs, gives out a little laugh, and then settles back on the couch with him.

"Benson didn't like him at first. When she told him she was expecting an experienced empathic detective can you believe he told her that he's sensitive and moody and that he can do that whole 'empathy thing'? This guy was so unreal I was trying not to laugh. Unfortunately, now Benson seems to think I'm a good influence on him." She groans.

"I can't wait to meet the guy."

"Oh, yeah. You'll get along real well. Two peas in a pod."

\* \* \*

><p>"How 'bout I take a run at Brubeck? See if he wets his pants?" Carisi says like an overeager puppy as they are discussing how best to go after this producer with pedophilic predilections. Amanda was not wrong about this guy.<p>

"Were you **\*\*sick\*\*** when they went over statutes of limitations in law school?" she sputters at him.

She is so frustrated with him it's cute. Nick can't help but smile.

\* \* \*

><p>All three of them "drop in" on Adam Brubeck's pool party with a contingent of Unis. Amaro and Rollins head over to the cabanas to have a word with Brubeck while Carisi checks the ID's of a bunch of underage girls. Then he heads back to the cabana where he last saw Brubeck. As he ducks into it to give Rollins and Amaro an update on what he's found, he notices that they are standing close together. It is subtle, but they are still a little bit closer than one would expect.<p>

But Carisi is not subtle, "Uh, sorry am I interrupting?"

Rollins takes a second and then says almost guiltily, "No. No. We were just leaving."

"Uh yeah. It just looked like something else," Carisi says uncomfortably.

Amaro gives him an annoyed look as he brushes past him.

Amaro and Rollins? What the fuck? Carisi slowly follows them out of the cabana, more than one step behind, still contemplating. How the hell did those two get together?

But at least now he knows why she was such a bitch to him the other day. He had called Nick a "disaster magnet" just before she snapped at him. He shook his head. His big mouth always got him in trouble.

\* \* \*

><p>Later that night while he's trying to catch up on some reading for school, Carisi is still pondering how two hotheads like Rollins and Amaro could even function as a couple without imploding. And that makes him think of Valerie.<p>

"Yo Valerie! How's my girl?" Carisi bellows in to the phone.

"I'm not your girl anymore," she laughs.

"Yeah, but you miss me."

"Maybe I do," she says in a non-committal, but friendly voice. "So what's up?"

"Well, I'm trying to do good at my job here. . ."

"Of course you are."

"Yeah, you know me . . . Hey listen, I was wondering if you knew anything about this slime ball producer Brubeck."

"A producer, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Sonny, you do realize that everyone who lives in LA is not necessarily connected to the movie industry?"

"Yeah, but I know you've got some dirt on this guy â€" so spill."

She does.

Later as they are wrapping up their conversation he says to her, "Hey look, Valerie. I'm sorry for the way things ended between us."

"Yeah, me too."

"Goodnight."

\* \* \*

><p>As the SVU team meets in Barba's office the next day Carisi is eager to give them the information he's uncovered from Valerie.<p>

"I made a few calls," he tells the group.

Amanda cuts him off rudely, "Yeah, you know what? So did I."

He stands back, irritated while she presents the research she's done on Brubeck. Stuff you could find online.

After she's done, Barba asks Rollins if any of the likely victims have pressed charges. She doesn't answer.

Carisi sees the opportunity to jump in so he does. He relays to them the information he had just learned last night and without really thinking about it he casually mentions that he got this information from an ex of his that works for the LAPD.

\* \* \*

><p>"He has an ex?" Amanda says as she's walking her dog with Nick later that night.<p>

"What, you got a problem with that?"

"No â€" it's just . . . Who would date that guy?" she looks up at him with a slight squint in her eyes.

"Some people have the strangest bedfellows."

"I guess."

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Blood\*\***

This chapter takes place after Season 16 Episode 4. Note: Carisi wasn't actually IN Episode 4 when this happened to Amanda, but he's mentioned as being around somewhere during this final showdown so he would have been aware of what had transpired.

\* \* \*

><p>Carisi hears them arguing by the vending machine. Actually he thought he saw Rollins give Amaro a good shove out of the corner of his eye â€" that's what caught his attention in the first place. And he was a curious guy â€" figured he could just stroll over there and "accidentally" walk in on whatever they were arguing about, just "innocently" overhear at least a part of it.<p>

He goes over there as slowly, quietly, and unobtrusively as he can.

"And again, I'm asking you why couldn't you stop them?" Rollins was demanding of Amaro.

"I've told you over and over the decision wasn't ours to make," he says with frustration, throwing up his hands.

"And you've never really given me a straight answer â€" did you even try? Didn't you trust that I could handle the situation? That boy didn't need to die."

Neither of them noticed that Carisi had joined them. He had just slipped in under the radar.

"Amanda, just let it go. We've been arguing about this all week â€"

"Ugh guys?" Carisi is feeling uncomfortable enough that despite his earlier desire to eavesdrop he now feels that he should make his presence known.

"Yeah?" they both say sharply tilting their heads towards him.

"Uh . . ." now that he had gotten their attention he didn't know how to proceed. "Uh . . ."

"Yeah, whatever," Nick says and leaves.

Rollins stands there, arms crossed just shaking her head at Amaro's retreating back.

"Uh, yeah, um, I'm gonna leave now," Carisi says, slowly backing away.

"Sure," Rollins says, distracted.



\* \* \*

><p>Benson comes out of her office and looks around at her squad, evaluating. She needs some surveillance done and finally calls out to Rollins, "Hey I need you and Carisi to go â€" "<p>

"Wait, Sergeant, it's my first day back after passing my psych eval and you're sticking me with HIM?"

"Hey, it's no picnic for me, either." Carisi shoots back.

Rollins rolls her eyes.

"No," Benson says. "It will be good for you guys. Give you a chance to bond."

And then she smirks.

\* \* \*

><p>They are sitting in an unmarked car in a fairly rundown neighborhood. Carisi had a tendency to drone on and on in an attempt to be entertaining but it only annoyed the hell out of Rollins given the mood she was in, so she had asked him to keep his trap shut quite a while ago. He is trying to comply, but the act of attempting to stay quiet for so long just makes him squirm and sigh. His fidgeting is almost comical. She is thinking of giving him a reprieve when suddenly there is a loud pop and a quiet tinkling of broken glass outside of their vehicle.<p>

Instantly she raises her hands to her face.

\* \* \*

><p>He startles a bit at the noise of a young kid breaking an empty Snapple bottle on the ground too close to their car. Carisi rolls down the window.<p>

"Hey, what'd you do that for?" he admonishes the kid and he runs off. Then he turns back to Rollins. Something's wrong.

"Rollins, hey Rollins â€" are you okay?"

She is frozen, her hands almost to her cheeks.

"I had him. It was done."

What is she talking about? "Amanda?"

She wipes her hands down her dry cheeks and studies her palms, her fingers. "Oh my god, the blood! It's all over me!"

There is no blood.

"Hey," Carisi takes her by the wrists. "Stay with me, Amanda."

She roughly pulls her hands away and rubs furiously at her cheeks and over her brow. "The blood! Get it off me!"

"Amanda â€" "

"Get it off me!" she screams, her eyes frantic.

"Okay," Carisi says reasonably, pulling one of her hands from her face and patting it. "We'll get you cleaned up."

He reaches into his suit pocket for a handkerchief. His sisters always give him a hard time for having one â€" they consider it so old-fashioned. But hey, it often came in handy â€" like right now.

He holds it out to her but she just stares at it blankly.

"Here, let me," he says softly and folds the hanky in a way so that he can use a corner of it to wipe at her face. Her bloodless face.

She starts crying. "There's so much. There's too much. It won't work."

"Sure it will," he says comfortingly and continues.

She continues touching her face and looking at her hands, interfering with the handkerchief. And then in a sudden wave of panic she says, "It's still everywhere! Please get it off me."

"Hey, Amanda." He takes the side of her head and makes her look at him even through her sobbing. "The blood will all go away. You'll be clean. You gotta trust me on this. Can you do that?"

She trembles, her hands still pulling at her face. "I had him. They didn't trust me."

"I know," he said.

"He died because he got too close. To me. Because I drew him in." Her hands stop pulling at her face and her startling blue eyes bore into his, looking almost green from all of the tears. "He trusted me."

Silence passes between them. Silence and understanding. Until Carisi breaks it.

"It's all gone now," Carisi says softly and pulls down the visor to reveal the mirror. "Look."

\* \* \*

><p>I noticed that between Episode 3 and Episode 5 Carisi and Rollins went from total annoyance with each other to something softer. And I imagined something like this may have happened anyway - that kind of trauma changes you.<p>

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Her Choice\*\***

This chapter takes place at the end of Episode 5 of Season 16.

\* \* \*

><p>Carisi grabs her elbow to stop her as she calls out to the girl.<p>

"Amanda, walk away," he says sternly.

The two of them stand there watching Evie Banks slip back into the world of RoXXXanne Demay as she takes her position on a mattress surrounded by more than a dozen glistening, muscular men. During her rape trial when asked why she chose to work in this particular type of porn she had replied succinctly, "The specialty genres pay more."

She is about to get beaten and gang raped for the camera again â€" her specialty.

Carisi lets go of Amanda's elbow and instead touches the side of her arm to turn her away from the scene, "It's not our choice."

His palm rests gently on her back as they walk away.

\* \* \*

><p>Olivia and Amanda could only watch in horror as Evie's mother played the video she had left behind in her college dorm room earlier that day. Evie had silently held up an iPad to her chin, text scrolling upon it, tears swimming in dark brown eyes that were too ashamed to look directly at the camera:<p>

"Because I chose to work in porn, two boys raped me."

"Because the judge didn't believe me, one of my rapists was set free."

"I didn't choose any of that. My choices were taken away."

"And now I only have one left. Goodbye."

Benson had sent Carisi and Rollins out to find Evie Banks. They had found RoXXXanne Demay in her place.

And then they walked away.

\* \* \*

><p>"I can't believe we left her like that," Amanda says to Carisi, dejectedly dropping her straw back into her glass as they sit together at a diner. They had stopped there for a bite to eat during their long drive back from New Hampshire and it was the first thing she had said to him since they left.<p>

"Amanda, we had no choice. She had already made hers. Like it or not, we have to respect that."

"But what kind of a choice is that, Carisi?"

"Hers," he says firmly.

"She got sucked into porn to pay for college in the first place. Now

she won't go back? After everything this has cost her? Are you telling me she went through all of this for nothing?"

"Let me ask you something, Amanda," Carisi says carefully, "Did you ever think that perhaps this isn't just a career choice? Her decision to leave college behind for porn?"

"What are you saying?"

"Remember how she told us that at least on set when she tells the guys to stop, they do?"

"Yeah."

"Well, perhaps she's choosing not to be a victim."

Amanda stiffens at Carisi's words. This hits way too close to home and now she fully understands Evie's choice. She wonders if Carisi notices the change in her.

He does.

\* \* \*

><p>Note: This is the first time he calls her Amanda. \*squee\*<p>

## 6. Chapter 6

**\*\*Carisi's Reality\*\***

This takes place during Season 16 Episode 6

\* \* \*

><p>She wakes up in the night drenched in sweat â€" it feels like blood.<p>

"Amanda? Hey, Amanda!" Nick bolts upright in bed, alarmed because she is screaming. And then with an abrupt halt she stops and covers her face with her hands.

"The blood. The blood."

After her screaming ceases, she begins whimpering this phrase over and over again. She doesn't even know he's there â€" her hands are on her face and she won't remove them even as he tries to pry them off.

"Amanda? Hey â€" Amanda, it's not real." Then Nick says firmly, "Amanda, stop."

She stares at him through the fingers on her face. Her whimpering stops.

"Hey, it's okay," he says softly.

"No, it's not. Get it off, Nick. Get it off of me!"

"It's not there," he says, the firmness back in his voice.

"Get away from me!" she screams and runs into the bathroom. She slaps water onto her face over and over again, leaning over the sink, shaking with the effort. She can't get the blood off.

Nick is pounding on the door, demanding that she let him in. She barely hears him â€" he is just a din in the background of ick that is all over her.

Eventually she feels the defeat â€" her absolute inability to cleanse herself. To get Holden's blood off of her. Right now she resents the man on the other side of the door â€" he didn't trust her to handle the situation and now that boy was dead. All over her face.

She slumps against the wall across from the toilet, tilting her head back, letting the blood drip off of her face, onto her shoulders and then down to the floor.

What feels like hours pass before she comes back to reality and feels sheepish, embarrassed for having to be this mess Nick tries to take care of.

When she crawls back to bed with him she gives him a quick, quiet, "Sorry."

"It's okay," he mumbles, pulling her back into him. "You can't help it."

\* \* \*

><p>Nick and Amanda get into it a little while searching a missing girl's bedroom for clues to where thirteen-year-old best friends, Perry and Mia might have gone. Mia's younger sister Zoe had been found within the woods of Inwood Hill Park, stabbed. Originally, the other two had been with her, but now were nowhere to be found.<p>

"Liv's on the way to the hospital, I told her you'd join. Take Perry's mom." Nick instructs her.

"No, you know what? You take her, I'm going to go to the park."

"Hey, we don't know what we're dealing with â€" "

"Seriously, you don't think I can handle myself?"

"No, that's not what I meant." He says, voice raised.

"Good."

She tells him he's better at handling Olivia anyway and hears his loud frustrated sigh as she brushes past him. Unbelievable. He still doesn't trust that she can take care of herself.

\* \* \*

><p>They have a crazy man in custody fitting the description of "The Glasgowsman" that Zoe had described as the man she saw in the park,

possibly her attacker. His real name is Charlie Dorsey. Sergeant Olivia Benson is trying to figure out who would be best to interrogate him given his flimsy state of mind. The truth of what had really happened to the girls was going to be difficult to ascertain.<p>

Olivia asks her team, "Did he say anything about Perry or Mia?"

Carisi is quick to answer, "No, he clammed up. He claims he has no idea."

"Okay, why don't I take a run at him?" Nick volunteers.

"No disrespect, Nick," Carisi jumps in, and then addresses Olivia. "But I think I think he trusts me, Sarge."

"But you just said he clammed up," Nick disagrees, smiling unbelievably.

The two men stare each other down for a bit. Olivia's eyes look from one man to the other. Then she asks for Amanda's opinion.

Amanda is a bit startled at being put in this uncomfortable position, but thinks back to when she and Carisi had come upon "Glasgowman" hiding inside a small cave within a mound of boulders in the park. The inexperienced police officer who was with them was shaking as he shot the homeless man with a tazer, panicking that he wasn't going down. It was her and Carisi that were finally able to subdue him. Carisi had been able to talk him down, allowing Amanda to cuff him. He seems to have the magic touch with crazy people. Herself included.

She thinks Carisi would be better with him than Nick and tells Olivia that.

As Carisi follows Olivia into the interrogation room he gives Amanda a small smile and a brief nod. She can tell that Nick is pissed and he still has that unbelieving smile on his face, but this time it is directed at her. Then the two of them stand together in silence and watch the interrogation. He may be pissed at her for choosing Carisi over him, not trusting his competence in this matter, but she's still a little mad at him too. For basically the same reason.

\* \* \*

><p>Amanda has been carefully observing the way Carisi has interacted with Charlie the whole day. Something about his way with Charlie fascinates her.<p>

Carisi had been able to get him to agree to take them to where he lived in the woods. They were hoping to find "the device" he had mentioned. It sounded like some kind of video recorder that might provide clues as to what may have happened to the still missing girls.

When they reach the entrance to his dwelling, Charlie asks him to move his eye patch to the other side.

"So you can see in the dark?" Carisi asks.

When Charlie nods Carisi replies, "I get it."

And then he moves it over for him.

Unexpectedly, Amanda's heart lurches at the sight and she takes in a sharp breath. Carisi looks back at her and she looks down. She can't help but think how gentle and understanding he's being with Charlie and it causes a flutter of uncomfortable feelings in her that she needs to bury. Now.

\* \* \*

><p>After they find "the device" Carisi lets Charlie know that they need to return to the station even though he protests that he wants to stay there.<p>

Earlier she had tried to bury those uncomfortable feelings, which she has partially succeeded at, but her mind doesn't stop trying to figure out how Carisi is reaching Charlie, succeeding at getting his cooperation. It can't just be his gentleness towards the man . .

.

Suddenly she understands.

Amanda joins Carisi in Charlie's world - assisting him in convincing the homeless man to leave his only dwelling behind.

"You know what? It's okay, you guys go on ahead and I'll stay and make sure nobody comes in, alright?" She is pretending that she will be standing guard to reassure a paranoid Charlie, yet has every intention of getting the Crime Scenes Unit in to investigate. ASAP.

Charlie turns to Carisi and says with a little panic in his voice, "Okay. I need you to switch my eye patch to the other side. I don't want the sun to blind me."

Amanda watches as Carisi carefully moves Charlie's eye patch over to his other eye. Carisi has been treating the crazy man with dignity and respect the whole time â€" like a real human being. He looks back at her as they leave and she remembers how he had been with her.

With the blood.

Whether it had really been there or not it didn't matter. To her it had been splattered all over her face - it was her reality in that moment. When she had slipped into that place in front of Carisi, he had entered into her world too. Just like he was doing with Charlie. The world of the mad.

He had gently wiped the non-existent blood from her face, talking her down from her panic. She had been able to come back to reality and come to grips with not only her anger at Nick, but at the root of the problem - the guilt that had been gnawing away at her and still did. That boy wouldn't have died if she hadn't . . .

She sighs and forces herself to come back to the present and do her job. She is still in the world of the sane after all â€" for

now.

End  
file.